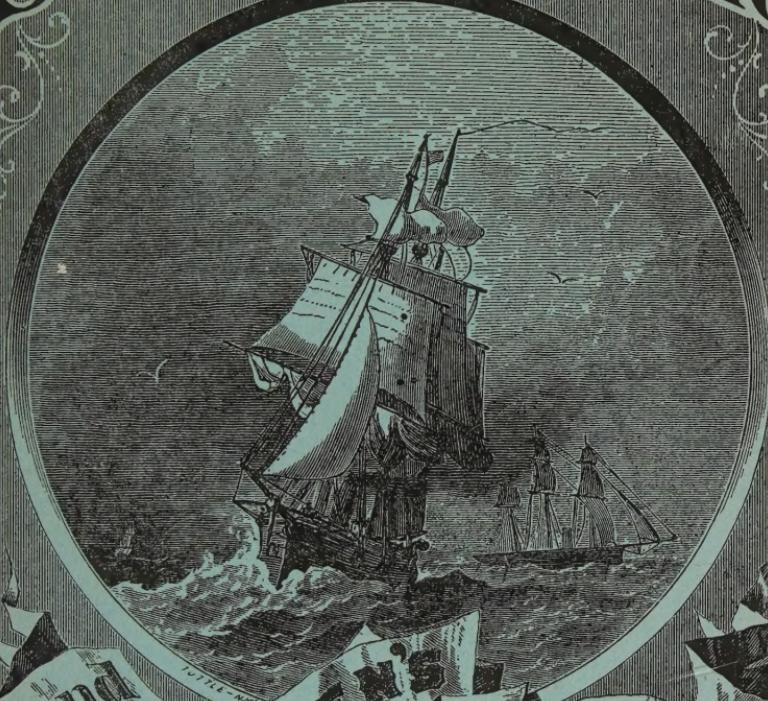


1823

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1823

Sailor's Magazine



and
LITTLE - NY
SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

72 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

VOL. CIV
No. 10

OCTOBER, 1932

WHOLE No.
1,250

The American Seamen's Friend Society

72 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Organized May, 1828.

Incorporated April, 1833.

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SAILORS THE MACAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Down to the Sea

There's a road that leads to the mountains
Where the deep blue valleys lie,
And a road that leads to the moorlands
Where the lone plains meet the sky;
But give me the great grey roadway
Where a man can wander free,
The rollicking wind-swept highway
That leads me down to the sea.

There's a salt wind up on the highway,
There's a rolling road to trace,
With my soul a-glow for adventure
And the sea-rain on my face;
Away to the fair horizons,
Where the wild gulls swoop and soar!
Away on a proud ship riding
From the rugged spray-lashed shore!

You can go to the silent forests
And the sunlit mountain side,
To the dreaming fields and the meadows,
To the heathland green and wide;
But give me the great grey roadway
Where a man can wander free—
The rollicking wind-swept highway
That leads me down to the sea.

—WINIFRED MAY in *Our Outlook*.

The Sailors' Magazine and Seamen's Friend

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Editorial**Full Speed Ahead**

This vivid sentence is one of the directions to the engineer that is seen on the bridge of every ocean liner. It is quoted by Dr. Foulkes in his fine article "Symbolism of the Sea" in this issue of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. It is also the title of the last Chapter in "The Seamen's Friend", a book published by The American Seamen's Friend Society. The book is a sketch history of the Society, now in the one hundred and fourth year of its continuous world-wide welfare work for seamen. There are fifty illustrations reproduced by a new process which is both accurate and artistic. The Scribner Press in New York City insures the finest workmanship. The author has been Secretary of the Society for the past eighteen years. He has made a study of welfare work for seamen in the principal Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific ports of the United States and in five countries of Europe. The introduction by Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, well known radio preacher and author, sustains the spirit of friendliness and sea adventure which characterizes the book throughout. It also contains the Constitution, Articles of Incorporation and list of the present officers of The American Seamen's Friend Society. A special limited edition, bound in full leather, in gilt, in a neat box, numbered and autographed by the author, will be sent postpaid for Five Dollars. It can be secured only through The American Seamen's Friend Society, 72 Wall Street, New York City. New subscribers to the book will receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE free for one year.

William Falconer

The death on August 16, 1932 of William Falconer at his home in Newport News, Virginia, came as a shock to his friends in the office of The American Seamen's Friend Society. We first met him in

April 1915, when visiting the Seamen's Rest of the Virginia Seamen's Friend Society in Newport News, Virginia. He had been active in that organization since it began in 1903. For many years he was Secretary of the Board of Trustees and for the last twenty years Financial Agent of the Society. He was successful in making friends and securing funds for the welfare sailor work so dear to his heart. He also gave much time and thought to religious meetings of the seamen. After the death of Superintendent A. Lincoln Jones in 1930, he volunteered to administer the Seamen's Rest and became its Superintendent, a position he held until his death.

Born in England of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Mr. Falconer at the age of fifty-two came to America and lived in Newport News for thirty-two years. He was a man of deep religious convictions and became a leader in the Protestant Episcopal Church and in welfare work in the city. He is survived by five children and numerous other relatives, who, with his fellow-workers and the vast number of seamen whom he befriended, mourn his loss. His character is well summed up by the following paragraph from an editorial in the *Newport News Times and Herald*: "Under the broad head of social service come a host of the most beautiful ministrations of man to his fellows. Ministration to spiritual and physical need, shelter to him who is homeless, the cup of cold water to the thirsty, comfort to the sorrowing and a lively and abiding faith in one's God and his fellow-man, are all summed up in the vicarious activities of one who serves the community for its greater good. All these things were known to William Falconer as a part of his daily life."

Captain George Fried

When the largest ship ever built in America, the S. S. *Manhattan*, sailed on August 11, 1932, from New York for Hamburg on her first voyage across the Atlantic there were put on board by The American Seamen's Friend Society two loan libraries for use of the large crew. Captain Fried acknowledges in the following letter a personal gift for his library and the provision made by the Society for his sailors:

"At Sea," August 12, 1932

Dear Dr. Webster:

Many thanks for the two books which I'm sure I shall enjoy reading. With kindest and best wishes to you and more success to your splendid work in providing good books and reading matter to us sailor men,

Most sincerely,

GEO. FRIED

Symbolism of the Sea

WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, D. D.

There is an indescribable, irresistible fascination about the moods of the sea. How they intrigue our spirits and bewitch our fancies! They cast a spell upon the prairie-born and bred no less than upon those whose lives have been largely spent upon its shores or plying its waves. The vast expanses of the sea allure us no less than its whims and caprices. Who of us has not felt the spell of the paradox voiced by a London woman and an American girl? The former, who had been eking out a miserable existence in the squalid "East End," was taken for the first time to the shore. "Oh, how wonderful it is," she is reported to have said, "how wonderful to see something there is enough of!" The American girl on her first visit to the seashore took one long, lingering look and then said,—wistfully, not flippantly, "Is that all there is of it?" All she could see was her own little horizon. Yes, that was all there was of it for her, until some day when she should journey to some far-away land or perchance around the world, then how large would be her horizons and how vast the sea! The sea is something there is enough of; but all it discloses to us is our own horizons.

One might fittingly dwell upon the significance of the sea. Think of its volume, vaster far than that of land. The seven seas outmeasure the six continents and all the island world. Consider the meaning of its pulsing life, for the sea is not dead, it is fecund with myriad and manifold forms of life. Ponder the problem of the origin of the sea. Whence did it come? How was it brought into being? Perhaps Job's poetic description is as near the truth as we can ever get, "I made clouds the garments thereof and thick darkness a swaddling band for it." Reckon, if you can, the influence of the sea upon land life. Without it as a reservoir from whence would come the clouds and the rain? Without it as a highway whence would lie the pathways of travel between the nations? Truly the sea has a masterful, meaningful significance.

Let us center our thoughts, however, at this time upon the symbolism of the sea,—not so much upon what it is in itself, as upon what it discloses as we look into it as though it were a mirror, and find life reflected therein. In this aspect the sea is a marvelous study in contrasts. There is the contrast between crystal tranquility and volcanic

energy. Is there anything more beatifully calm than the sea at sunset with the shimmer of golden light upon its face, so tranquil in its motionless repose? Is there anything more inspiringly or terrifyingly tumultuous than the sea when it is lashed by an angry wind and its waves rise to what seem mountain heights? There is also the contrast between the sea nestling in snug land-locked harbors, lazily playing with the sand as it stretches its long fingers far into the land, and on the other hand, the great open spaces stretching out for limitless leagues, whose only rival for expanse is the sky itself.

Perhaps the most marked symbolic contrast suggested by the sea is that between the fretting waves and the resistless tides. The waves are creatures of capricious winds; the tides are servants of inexorable laws. The waves are turbulent and riotous; the tides are calm and stedfast. The waves respond to the whims of earthly breezes; the tides move in and out at the Sovereign Call of another world.

Let us look at our present-day experiences in view of this symbolic contrast. Some folk say that a great windstorm has been sweeping the sea of human life. Others opine that the waves of civilization are wild and angry because capricious and mysterious forces have been beating human life up into fury and foam. Still others say that it's only a thunder storm. "Why worry? It will be calm in the morning. Let's go to the cabin and play bridge. Let the captain and his crew do the worrying. We're first-class passengers and we propose to take it easy."

Others, wiser far, soberly say, "The tides of God have turned." For nearly a decade we found ourselves in the enriching flow of an incoming tide. Everything was coming our way. Prosperity at last had the promise of being perpetual. We had become masters of earth and sea and sky. Puny man had grown to the stature of omnipotence. What could he not do? What proud ships were sailing our seven seas of Commerce, Industry, Politics, Art, Philosophy, Ethics and Religion! Each sea had its own vessels while there were not a few that plied all the waters, going from one ocean to another and taking toll of every land and carrying cargo everywhere. What rich argosies our vessels carried, too! Antonio's Venetian ventures were not half so heavily laden or fared so far forth as our valiant vessels a decade ago. What easy and delightful voyages they undertook! All the way from tours around the world, to the lazy and irresponsible week-end sailings with which to beguile the weary and to assuage the pangs of

the thirsty! If some of us had been asked where we were going our answer would have been a shrug of the shoulders. If we had been asked for the name of our vessel and that of its master, what powerful answers we would have made. Captain Kill-Care in negligee attire who spends little of his time on the bridge and most of his irresponsible hours with the passengers playing bridge, or it may be Captain Prosperity with his great gold buttons like the "Admiral of the King's Navee". Others would have answered Captain Machine-Age, that hard-boiled master who ran his ship to the line and letter always with forced draught, knocking his rebellious crew down with belaying pins and having no time or place for favorites at his table.

What thrilling voyages we were having five or seven years ago, when suddenly the tides began to turn. Whose tides, ours? No, the tides of God. Irresistibly they turned, out they began to go. We could not believe it. We were so sure that they had come in to stay. What a pathetic spectacle it was to see great masters of Industry rushing down to the Wall Street Dock and pouring on little buckets of water to keep the tide at full flood. But out it went, taking some things with it which were never to come back again and leaving other things stranded on the mud flats of spent and vanished prosperity. The tides of God had turned.

There is an old fashioned name for the turning of God's tides. It is as old as the sea and as mysterious. It is the tides of judgment. Fools do not like the word nor do knaves. God's judgments, however, are not capricious or tyrannical. They are written in wisdom, motivated by righteousness, enforced by power, safe-guarded by goodness. If God's judgments had not been visited upon us a few years ago we would have lost our respect for God, to say nothing of our confidence in Him. When we are wise we adjust ourselves to the Divine Judgments. That adjustment we call repentance. It indicates a right-about face. It demands new attitudes and outlook.

Roger W. Babson's recent brochure "Cheer-up" bears upon this very point. Despite the grinning face upon the cover of the booklet which is likely to irritate people by its exaggerated simile of cheer, the contents are most illuminating. Mr. Babson with the hand of a master statesman, traces the tides of the judgments of God. The panic of 1837, the depression of 1857, the collapse of 1873, the debacle of 1893,—all of these took place according to inexorable laws. Each one was succeeded, too, by an era of prosperity. While men

cannot cause the tides of God to turn they can prepare for the event. Repentance in its largest and truest meaning, sobriety in its full sense, stedfastness, faith and courage,—all of these are human attitudes by means of which men may adequately face the turning of the tides of God. Once again, says Mr. Babson, the tides of God are beginning to turn. Once again we are summoned to repentance, courage and faith. Still once again life masters us with its appeal to our best and noblest instincts.

In conclusion, look, if you will, for a moment at two pictures of a ship at sea. You may take your choice. Either is yours for the



Wind Tossed Waves

asking and the taking. One is that of a beautiful full-rigged ship, with its sails all furled, riding at anchor in a calm and glorious land-locked harbor. How easily she rides the pretty waves! How serenely indifferent to any storm that may be beating upon the rocks outside! How secure she is from danger and disaster! The crew has liberal shore leave. The captain, largely spends his time in gay tea parties with the passengers and care-free guests.

The other craft is a stern straight-lined vessel putting out to sea, in the face of an oncoming storm. All the hatches are battened down. All the passengers and crew are ordered below. Everything is as ship-shape as human skill can make it. While the master, pacing his bridge, looks out to sea, into the face of the angry winds and waves, his

"Spirit bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling thing
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given."

He responds to the call voiced by Walt Whitman in the "Passage to India":

"Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,

* * * * *

For we are bound where mariner boy not yet dared to go.

* * * * *

O my brave soul!

O farther, farther sail!"

"But sir, the clouds are thick and the sky is dark!"

"Full speed ahead!"

"But sir, breakers are astern and twisting winds, with waves mounting mountain high!"

"Full speed ahead!"

"But sir, there is safety in snug-harbor,

Where loved ones await us and where all our treasures are!"

"Full speed ahead! For there is a ship in distress! There are lives to be rescued! There is a voyage to be run, a harbor to be made! Full speed ahead!"

Is such a Master's hand upon your helm? Have you gone as far as Henley's "Invictus" with that sublime confession of stoical courage and confidence, "I am the captain of my soul!" There is a better creed, by so much as Christian faith overcomes pagan submission, "Christ is the captain of my soul!" He knows every reef and shoal.

"Chart and Compass come from Thee
 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me!"

TOURIST: "Why are you sailors so fond of being tattooed?"

OLD SEA-DOG: "Well, it's just like you wearin' them flash togs—ain't no particular reason except that other fools is doin' it!"—*Exchange*.

"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises, Mrs. Neuquids?"

"You'd be surprised—that battleship 'e 'ad tattooed on 'is chest is now only a row boat!"

—CATALINA ISLANDER.

"Only Get Me a Job"

This plea of a sailor in the office of the British Sailors' Society in London, England, is repeated nearly every day in the office of The American Seamen's Friend Society, 72 Wall Street, New York City. The story told by George F. Dempster in *Chart and Compass* follows:

S——— C——— is a fine specimen of young manhood with a very excellent record of sea service. The sea is in his blood and for several generations his forebears have followed a sea career. At the age of 24 he married the girl who had been his sweetheart from childhood's days. They were very happy and in course of time four children were born to them, probably all of whom will again want to follow the sea.

He was very fortunate in continuing his employment and although unable to become an Officer, was highly respected by the various companies who employed him.

Three years ago he was amongst those who formed the crew of a ship which, after a very brief voyage was laid up in one of our great rivers. Naturally he anticipated that it would not be long before he was again afloat, as heretofore, but his savings being exhausted he had to seek the Unemployment Benefit and, to his surprise and horror, the period for which this was payable expired without any resumption of employment.

The little home in which they had taken such a pride began to show signs of depletion and finally the wife fell ill. Now comes the tragedy of the story. He was himself weak and exhausted by his tramp, tramp, tramp day after day and evil overtook him in a moment of desperate weakness. Someone suggested to him that since he needed money so badly there was an opportunity to obtain it quickly. He fell, with the inevitable result that he was charged with the offence and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment.

The shame of this, added to the previous privations, had a most serious effect upon the wife but she kept from the children the reason for their father's absence and herself did all she could to maintain the home. Unfortunately, health would not permit her to do this fully and recourse had to be made to public funds. It was then that our attention was drawn to the case and upon the man's release we interviewed him.

Our first conversation remains deeply impressed upon my memory, for although I have conversed with thousands of men in similar conditions I recall few who gave such obvious evidence of contrition and shame coupled with a determination that such a thing should never happen again. It was not the shallow regret for the consequences of the wrongdoing but the pure shame of having to deceive his wife (though albeit at the time it seemed to be in her interest) and his unfaithfulness to God, for he had thought himself a Godly man.

Now what was he to do? He had until to-day no conception of the British Sailors' Society nor what it could do under such conditions but when he heard that we would stand by him and, at what seemed to be the eleventh hour, save the home and prevent the total disappearance of what remained, he was overcome.

To-day I have received a letter from the wife which I cannot reproduce because its contents would reveal identity, but such a note expressing gratitude and renewed hope would appeal to any heart.

Our possibilities in this case are still restricted, for our funds will not permit the total maintenance of a family, but we are opening other doors and when I shook hands with S—— C—— to-day I felt I was dealing with one in whom new life had commenced. His eyes literally shone with a new hope and one felt grateful to God for the privilege of helping a brotherman under such conditions.

I am praying that work may be found for him, for, as he said, "that is the greatest need of all. Only get me a job, Sir, of any kind whatever and I will prove that my promises to God, my wife and yourself are not in vain. I am trying hard to keep the knowledge of my shame from my little boys and if God spares me I will live so that they honour their father. Perhaps one day when they are old enough to understand I may tell them how I fell, so that they may be safeguarded."

Cheerful wife to seasick husband: "Never mind dear, you're beginning to look really like your passport photo."—*Everybody's Weekly*.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman, says: "Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets ever saved."

Sailors Read the Bible

Through the courtesy and generosity of the New York Bible Society a Bible is placed in every loan library sent to sea by The American Seamen's Friend Society for the use of the men in our Merchant Marine. Many officers consider the Bible the most valuable book placed in the forecastle on board ship, and in every possible way the officers encourage the men to read it, for they realize that the reading of the Scriptures is a considerable help in raising the standard of seamen to a high level; giving us a class of seamen in our Merchant Marine of whom we may be justly proud.

We are constantly receiving expressions of gratitude from the men for the blessings received through reading the Bible placed in the loan libraries.

An officer writes: "You would be surprised at the number of sailors who have taken to reading the Bible. Many of them in their watch off duty often seek a secluded part of the ship to spend a quiet hour reading the Bible and meditating upon the Word of God. Some of these sailors have been impressed and have gone on their way rejoicing, with a new hope in their hearts and clearer vision before their minds regarding spiritual things. Recently our ship visitor, Walter E. Messenger, visited the *S. S. President Pierce*, to exchange the old library for a new one before the vessel sailed on a voyage Around-the-World. Collecting the books he noticed that the Bible was missing, and upon inquiry he was informed that the third officer had it. As he entered the officers' quarters he observed the Bible in a neat little book rack over the officer's berth, who told him that he always kept the Bible there as he wanted it handy so he could read it at night before turning in. "You know it gives one a feeling of safety."

Your readers may be interested to know that when libraries are returned after their voyages, the book most missing is the Bible; the few that are returned are well thumbed and show ample evidence of being well read at sea.

—WILLIAM ELLING in *The Bible in New York*.

BOATMAN—Yes, Miss, we've some fine boats here. Some of them can steam twenty knots an hour.

VISITOR—Ah, I suppose they steam the knots so the sailors can untie them easily.



The Pilot

A TRUE SEA STORY

By M. W. F.

A true sea story? What appetites for stories most boys, yes, and girls too, do have! Well, I wish the story of "The Little Red Hen" was a true sea story, for your Aunt Mollie can tell that one better than many others, because when she was about as old as you are, she lived next door to the parsonage. One day, when making one of her very frequent calls there, the minister's oldest son happened to be home spending his vacation and as he was especially fond of children, he took her on his knee and told her that story in a most thrilling way. Now he is an editor of one of the great daily newspapers of New York City and Aunt Mollie often wonders if he still remembers that story as well as she does.

Now for the true sea story. This is about going on a big ship across the Atlantic ocean. We were to sail at 10:30 on a Saturday morning in June, but when we arrived at the dock, we found a steamer just leaving which should have sailed at 11:30 the night before. You see, there was such a very heavy fog that it wasn't safe for that ship to start out in the night, so it took our sailing time, 10:30 A. M. and we didn't leave until 12:30.

Have you ever crossed the river on a ferry boat and looked back to see the tall buildings against the sky? Its a beautiful picture, isn't it! So you can think how disappointed Aunt Mollie was that she couldn't have the pleasure of seeing that wonderful sky line from the deck of the ship as we sailed out of the harbor. The fog was so dense that nothing could be seen. The ship ran at about half speed all that afternoon and all night, with the whistle blowing about once every minute. Of course we couldn't sleep very well with the whistle blowing so

often and we felt rather anxious too, except when the ship's bells struck each hour during the night and the sailor on watch at eight bells, or midnight, said "All's Well, All's Well." How good that did sound to us all! You see we had a fine pilot to take the ship safely from its pier on the west side of New York City through the crowded harbor, the lower bay and the narrows to the Atlantic Ocean. When the pilot left us the captain took his place until the fog rolled away and we were safely out to sea.

The next forenoon the sun came out in all its beauty and dispelled the mists and we were able to go on our way at full speed, to try to make up the one hundred and eighty-three miles we had lost while creeping so carefully through the fog. There were 993 passengers and a crew of 555 men on board the ship, so there were many thankful hearts that morning because we had been safely led through the darkness and danger of the foggy night. It was Sabbath morning too, so we felt especially grateful to our Heavenly Pilot as we attended the church service which was held in the dining saloon.

Do you ever sing that beautiful hymn, "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me" in your Sunday School? I am sure that you do, for it is sung everywhere and loved by thousands of people all over the world. You know every time a ship sails out of or in to a harbor, a harbor pilot is on the bridge, seeing that she takes just the right course, where there are no rocks and where the water is sure to be deep enough so that she will not run aground.

Sleepy boy? No, of course, not! Just the same, before the Sand Man gets another chance at you, I want to tell you about something which I saw that made me think more than ever before, how very important it is to have a good pilot.

When our lovely voyage was nearly over, I happened to see lying quite near a rocky shore, the wreck of a very large steamer. One of the officers of our ship was standing near me, so I turned to him and asked how that ship came to be wrecked there, so near to the harbor. He said, "It was a dark night and a bad storm, so the harbor pilot would not come out to bring the ship to her dock until daylight; but the captain was impatient, didn't want to wait so long and said he could take that vessel into port just as well as any pilot; so he tried, only to run upon the rocks and have his beautiful ship dashed to pieces." So we must depend upon our Pilot if we wish to have a safe voyage of life.

Loan Libraries

WILLIAM ELLING



During August, 1932, twenty loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these three were new and seventeen refitted and reshipped as good as new. The new libraries were numbers 13,578-13,580.

The seventeen libraries reshipped were:

13,116	13,275	13,440	13,501
13,145	13,280	13,454	13,507
13,203	13,378	13,462	
13,212	13,416	13,482	
13,230	13,429	13,484	

No. 13,116, sent to sea in May, 1928, by the Men's Bible Class of Westminster Presbyterian Church of Bloomfield, N. J., has made three voyages on different vessels:

first, on the steamship *Santa Ana*, of New York, bound for Valparaiso, Chile, S. A., Capt. Geitzler, with ninety-one men in the crew; second, on the steamship *Steel Age* of New York, bound for Alexandria, Egypt, etc., Capt. Lawrence, with thirty-three men in the crew; third, on the steamship *W. L. Steed*, of Los Angeles, Calif., bound for Aruba, D. W. I., Capt. Pharr, with forty-one men in the crew, and is now on the steamship *Quirigua*, of New York, bound for Havana, Cuba, Kingston, Jamaica, and Port Limon, Costa Rica, Capt. Spencer, and one hundred men in the crew.

No. 13,212, sent to sea in March, 1929, by the Sunday School of Peekskill Presbyterian Church of Peekskill, N. Y., has been reshipped on the steamship *Santa Ana*, of San Francisco, bound for San Francisco, Calif., Capt. Stephenson, and one hundred men in the crew.

No. 13,280, sent to sea in October, 1929, by Mrs. Archibald D. Davis, of Lakewood, N. J., in memory of her father, "Henry Elliott Bowen," has just completed a voyage to Portland, Ore., and has now gone to Hamburg, Germany, on the steamship *Manhattan* of New York, Capt. Fried, and four hundred men in the crew.

In December, 1930, James H. Schmelzel, of Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y., sent to sea No. 13,429, in memory of "James H. Schmelzel,

Jr.,” on the steamship *Tuscaloosa City* of New York, bound for San Francisco, Calif., and Seattle, Wash., Capt. Herman, with thirty-four men in the crew; it was returned in August, 1931, and reshipped on the steamship *City of Dalhart* of New York, bound for Karachi, India, Capt. Rose, with thirty-eight men in the crew, and is now on the steamship *American Banker*, of New York, bound for London, Eng., Capt. Pedersen, and seventy-two men in the crew.

Referring to the questions printed on the card, which is tacked on the inside of the door of every library case, the third mate of the steamship *Memphis City* writes of No. 13,440:

“1. Have the crew read the library? Yes. Reading matter is highly appreciated by seamen in general, and they avail themselves freely of the books on board.

“2. In what ways has it proved a benefit? Seamen as a class have considerable time for reading, and many of them, though not well educated in the ordinary sense, are nevertheless quite well-read and well-informed as a result of reading in watches below.

“3. Has a spiritual blessing come to any from reading of its religious books? This I consider doubtful. Seamen as a class are not religiously inclined, and in my experience in charge of ships' libraries I have found little reason to believe that books of a religious character are read with any great frequency.

“Permit me to express my thanks and those of the entire ship's company for your kindness, and my assurance that your library is being used and appreciated.”

A cadet on the steamship *Falcon* writes of No. 13,480: “On behalf of the officers and crew I wish to express our sincere thanks for the excellent library placed on board this ship. It contained a very good assortment of interesting and intellectual reading, which provided not only an excellent way of passing the long hours at sea, but also a way to improve ourselves mentally. These libraries are a real boon to many young men at sea, who wish to benefit themselves by reading good books but are unable to purchase them.”

The first officer of the motor ship *Santa Maria* writes of No. 13,482: “In behalf of the members of the crew of this vessel, I wish to express the pleasure which was obtained from reading the books in your library placed on board while this vessel was in New York.”

The chief officer of the steamship *Caracas* writes of No. 13,485: "Please accept the sincere appreciation of the officers and crew for the many pleasant and helpful hours derived through the use of the library which your kindness afforded us."

The radio operator of the steamship *Culberson* writes of No. 13,491: "Having neglected to thank you before sailing from New York for exchanging the Loan Library, I now take this opportunity to extend, on behalf of the officers and crew of this vessel, their sincere thanks for the splendid library and the excellent service you have given us in exchanging the books at the end of each voyage. There have been many expressions of gratitude by the men aboard for the work you are doing. We find the books very helpful, as well as entertaining. Our voyage to South America and back takes about two and a half months, and you may be sure that the books are well read during that time. I am glad to do my bit by acting as librarian and urging the men to handle the books carefully."

The radio operator of the steamship *Curaca* writes of No. 13,513: "There is nothing like books to pass away time at sea. The run that we are on now to South America takes between three and four weeks and that gives us a great deal of reading time. The reading taste on this ship tends toward novels."

The second officer of the motor ship *City of New York* writes of No. 13,535: "In behalf of the officers and crew of this ship, I wish to thank you and 'The American Seamen's Friend Society' for the use of the libraries you have so generously placed aboard this ship in the past two years. We wish to praise you and your associates on the fine and beneficial work you are doing for seamen. Books are truly a seaman's friend. During our leisure moments fine reading is not only educational but a pleasant pastime. A contented, well disciplined crew is something every ship's master and officers are striving for. Long sea voyages, lengthy stays in small, uninteresting ports, combined with limited space aboard ship and constant association with conflicting temperaments, tend to make a discontented and unmanageable crew. Fine reading helps one to overcome these difficulties, to acquire new ideas and a brighter outlook on life, and to be more tolerant with his fellow man. The variety and contents of the libraries are sufficient to meet the requirements of the most intelligent and the uneducated man. I personally wish to thank you for the use of the Webster's 'Unabridged Dictionary' which you have supplied us with at my request."

The American Seamen's Friend Society

AFFILIATED AND COOPERATING SOCIETIES IN HOME AND FOREIGN PORTS

Seamen's House, 550 West 20th Street, New York City, George F. Robinson, Executive Secretary, S. M. Cowles, Business Secretary, Rev. James C. Healey, Chaplain, Stafford Wright, Employment Secretary.

Fishermen's Institute, 8 Duncan St., Gloucester, Mass., Rev. George E. Russell, Chaplain.

Seamen's Rest, Newport News, Va.,

Seamen's Bethel and Institute, 204 West Bute St., Norfolk, Va., Thomas E. Gould, Manager.

Seamen's Bethel, 2218 St. Thomas St., New Orleans, La., Captain William Lamb, Supt.

Adoue Seamen's Bethel, Galveston, Texas, Rev. J. F. Sarner, Chaplain.

Upper Canada Tract Society, 128 University Ave., Toronto, Canada, George M. Speedie, Supt.

Salvation Army Sailors' Home, Rua Saccadura Cabral 233, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Rev. H. C. Tucker, D.D.

Sailors' Home and Mission, Ituzaingo 1522, Montevideo, Uruguay, Major Wilson, Supt.

Victoria Sailors' Home, Independencia 20, Buenos Aires, Argentine, P. J. Wyatt, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, 16 via Milano, Genoa, Italy, Rev. R. P. R. Anderson, Supt.

Seamen's Institute, 1 via Fiume, Leghorn, Italy, Joseph G. Welsby, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, via Marina Nuova 47, Naples, Italy, A. R. Messam, Port Missionary.

Mariners' Institute, 21 Avenue d'Italie, Antwerp, Belgium, Rev. Stanley Parker, Chaplain.

Sailors' Rest, 18 Rua Roberto Ivens, Funchal, Madeira, Rev. William George Smart, Supt.

Seamen's Home, 26 Oura, Nagasaki, Japan, James A. McAlpine, Manager.

The American Seamen's Friend Society is also associated for work in Foreign Ports with the British Sailors' Society, 680 Commercial Road, London, E. 14, England, Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.

Contributions and legacies in support of the affiliated work, and to aid shipwrecked, destitute and unemployed seamen and to place on vessels Loan Libraries for seamen at sea (\$25.00) ARE GREATLY NEEDED.

Checks payable to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY may be mailed to CLARENCE C. PINNEO, Treasurer, 72 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The American Seamen's Friend Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which in the formation of the will should be strictly observed.

1st. That the testator subscribe (or acknowledge the subscription of) the will in their presence. 2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament. 3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

